

To Miss Irene Chasant.

**'TIS BUT AN HOUR
SINCE FIRST WE MET,**

Ballad by W. Preston Woolley

"'Tis but an hour since first we met,
Another, and our paths will sever;
Nor deem it strange it wakes regret
To think that we may part forever,"

Music Arranged by

WILLIAM CUMMING.

Piano 38 cts. net.

Gillingham

Guitar 25 cts. net.

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Cincinnati.

PETERS WEBB & CO
Louisville.

E. L. Walker, Philad^a

To Miss Frier's Infant.

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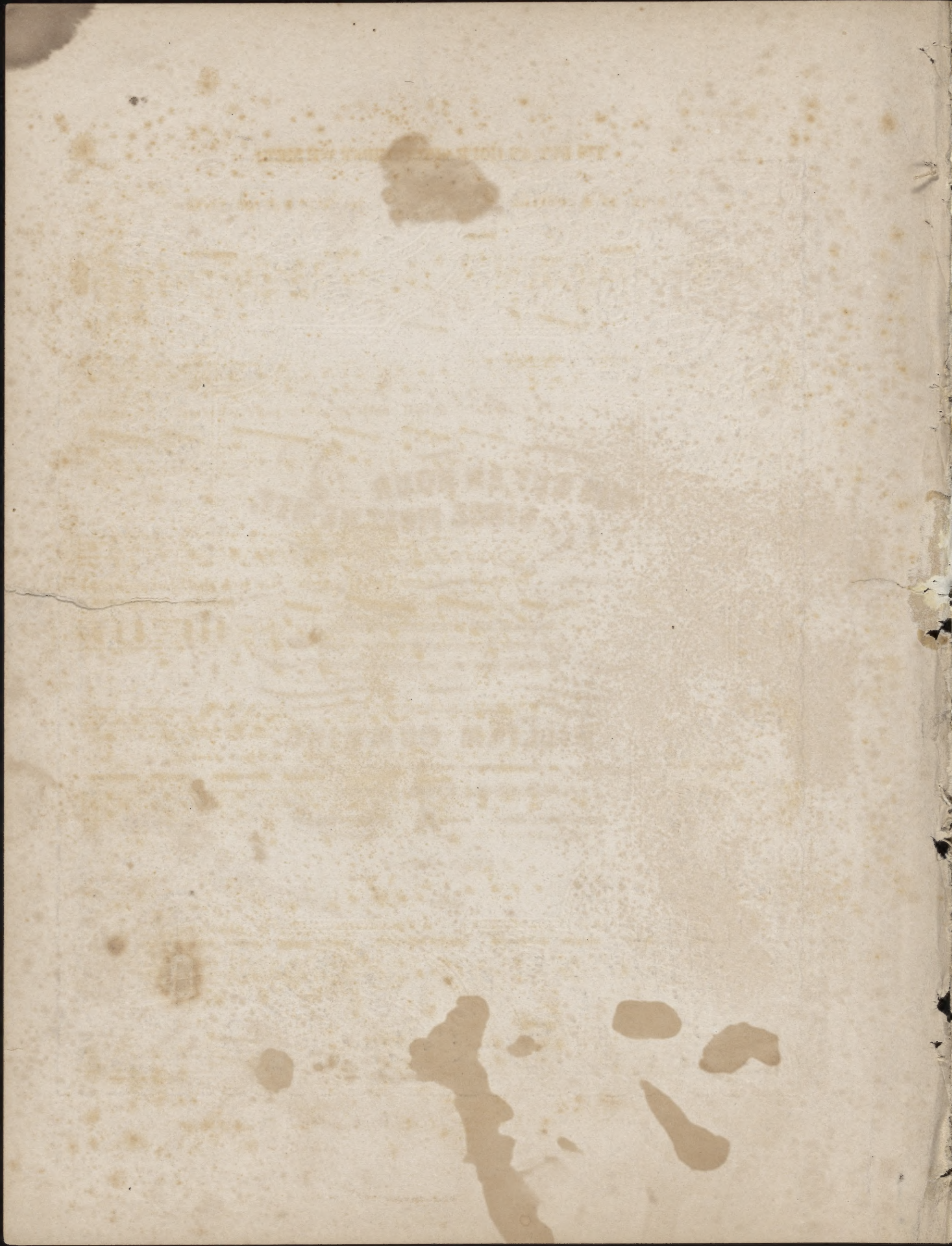
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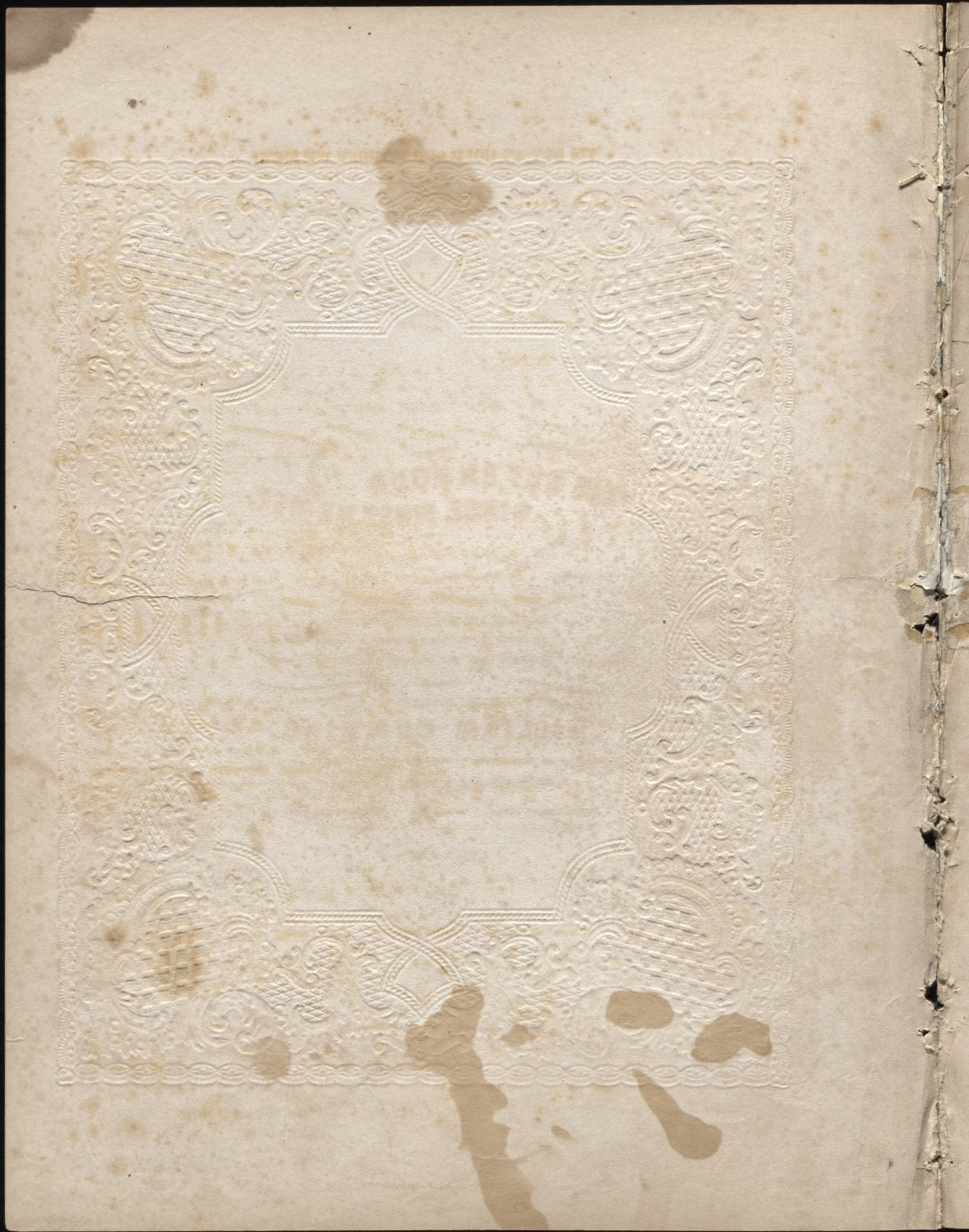
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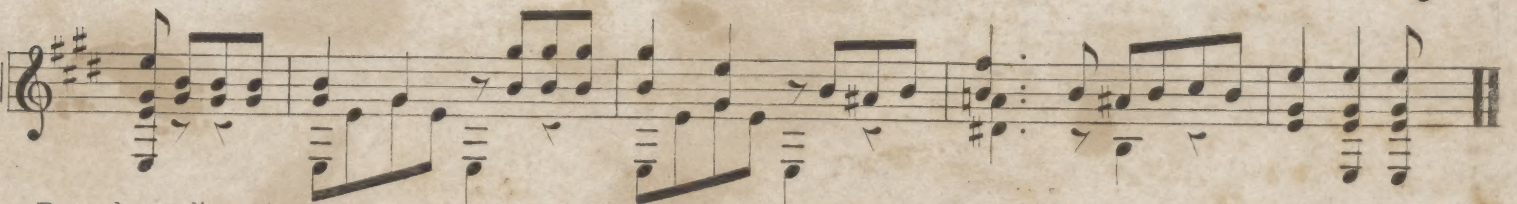
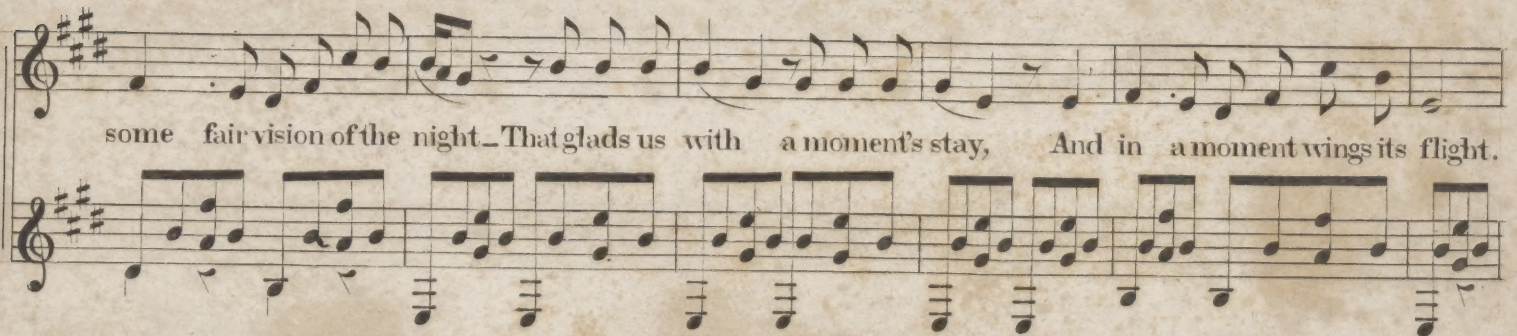
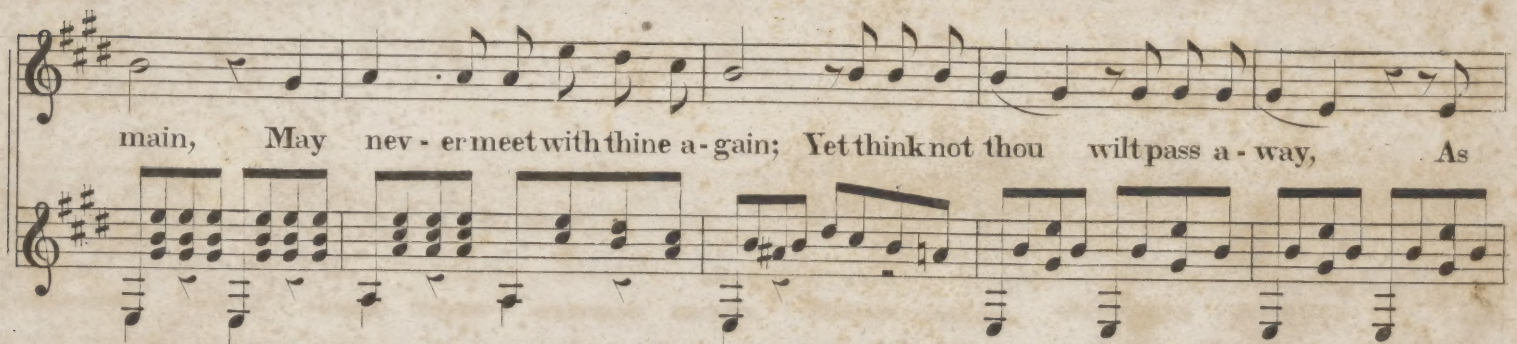
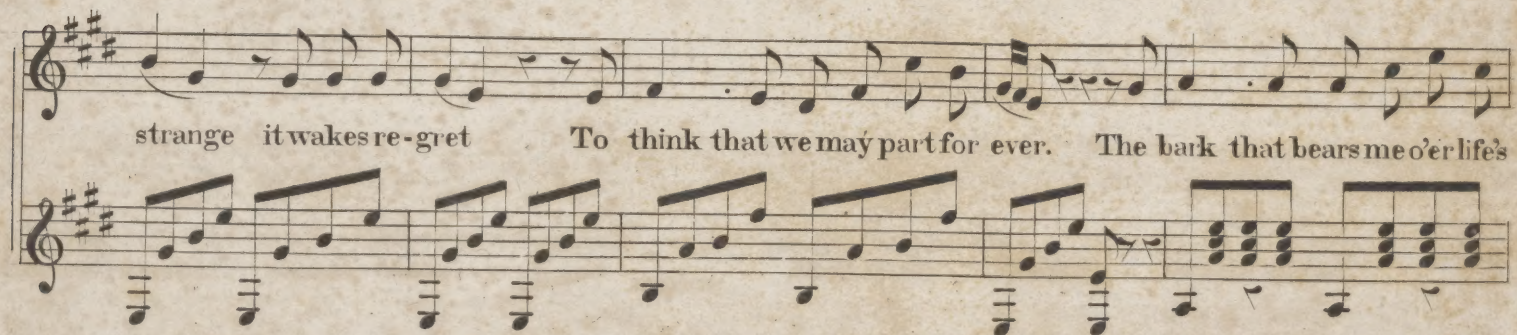
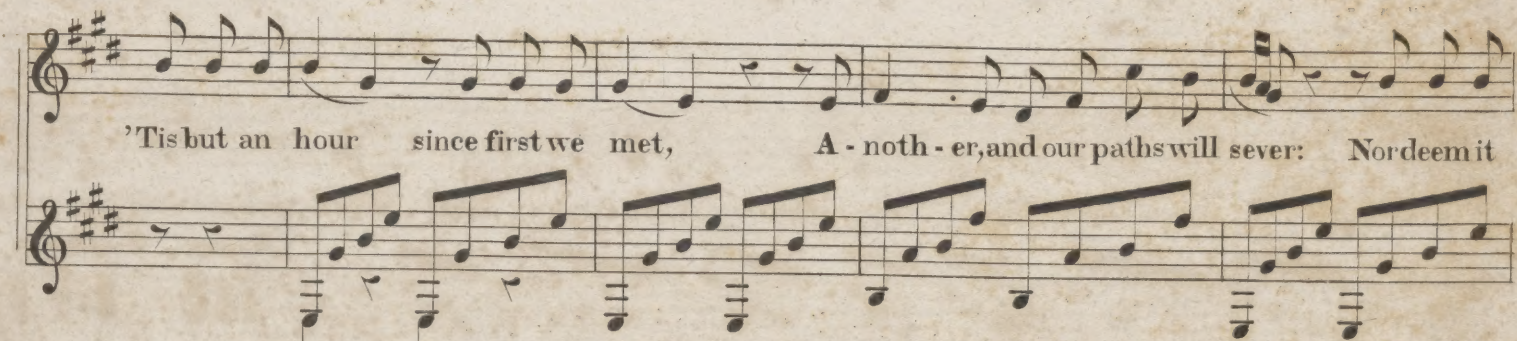
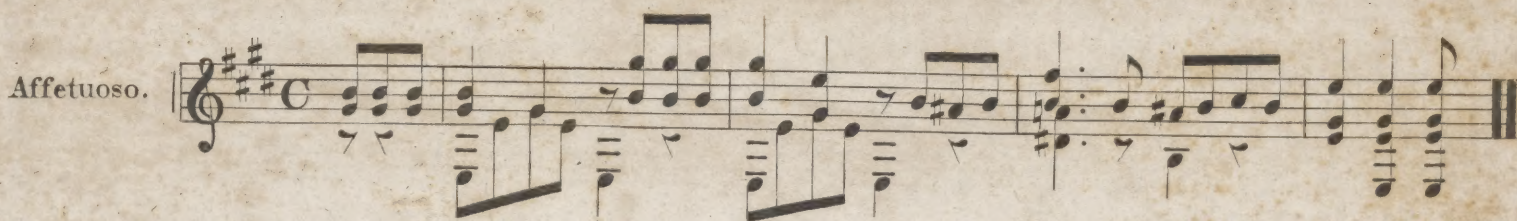
'TIS BUT AN HOUR SINCE FIRST WE MET!

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ADAPTED BY W. CUMMING.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

Affettuoso.



When young Au-ro-ra wakes the dawn, When Flo-ra trips the blooming lea, All radiant

with the smiles of morn, Then dear-est, I will think of thee! When twilight steals upon the

day, And wea-ried nature folds her wing, And unseen minstrels far a-way Touch

light the sweet AEolian string: That echo voice will come a-gain And min-gle with the passing

strain.

And when yon orb, the queen of night Throws back her veil of ether blue, And floats in

beauty and in light, I'll gaze on her, and think of you. No dear-est no forget me

not! Is traced so clearly on that brow That thou can'st never be for-got While

mem'ry clings to aught be-low, That thou can'st never be for-got While mem'ry clings to aught be-

- low.

